

A WITNESS IN THE TRUTH

To write a note to express my disappointment, my indignation as I read the comments of Bishops Prendergast, Ouellet, Sartain and Durocher, and others about the Sons of Mary and our Foundress is the least I can do; the most I can do is pray that God will not hold them accountable for such unfortunate gestures and words.

For my part, having had very Christian parents and being quite fervent in my youth, I left the Church and religious practice for ten years precisely and mainly because of the inconsistency between the teaching of Christ found in the Gospel and what I was seeing and hearing in His Church. During that time, I wandered, seeking to find elsewhere a means of living an intense spirituality.

It was while I was with members of the Army of Mary for a very short and dense period of time (three weeks of pilgrimage) that I renewed my contact with religion, that I went to confession again, at Lourdes, to then begin living once more in conformity with God's commandments.

Prior to that, I had begun with the reading of **the first volume** of *Life of Love* (I had reached, by then, the 3rd volume). I was being challenged, at the same time as I was edified by Marie-Paule's life, totally given and so filled with suffering; I was particularly edified by her acceptance of suffering in a love that was beyond anything I could understand, and affected also by the intervention of God and Mary in her life.

The genuine charity I saw in the group during our trip, the teachings that were centered upon the Gospel of Christ and lived after His example set my soul back on the right track. It was in the continuity of Marie-Paule's giving of herself that God was able to accomplish in her soul, purified by all these loving acceptances, His plan of love for her and for humanity.

How can I not stand up today and bear witness to this truth that has guided me, brought me back to God and, better still, led to my being myself welcomed as a member of the Community of the Daughters of Mary, after twenty years of journeying with the Army of Mary, thanks to God's mercy and Mother Paul-Marie's love.

Like Saint Augustine, I too say today: "*Late have I loved you, beauty ever existing, beauty ever new; late have I loved you! With loud cries, you were calling me; you cured me of my deafness.*" (Breviary III, p. 1271, Fr. ed.)

There you have my thoughts and the simple expression of my gratitude.

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